Gentleman: but *Anne* loues him not, for *I* know *Anne* minde as well as another do's, out vpon't, what haue *I* forgot. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Miſtris Ford, Maſter Page, Maſter Ford, Piſtoll, Nim, Quickly, Hoſt, Shallow.

Mi. Page. What, haue *I* ſcap'd Loue-letters in the holly-day-time of my beauty, and am *I* now a ſubiect for them? let me ſee.

Aske me no reaſon why I loue you, for though Loue vſe Reaſon for his preciſian, hee admits him not for his Counſailour: you are not young, no more am I: goe to then, there's ſimpathie: you are merry, ſo am I: ha, ha, then there's more ſimpathie: you loue ſacke, and ſo doe I: would you deſire better ſimpathie? Let it ſuffice thee (Miſtris Page) at the leaſt if the Loue of Souldier can ſuffice, that I loue thee: I will not ſay, pitty mee, 'tis not a Souldier-like phraſe; but I ſay, loue me:

By me, thine owne true Knight, by day or night:
Or any kinde of light, with all his might,
For thee to fight, *IohnFalſtaffe.*

What a *Herod* of *Iurie* is this? O wicked, wicked world. One that is well-nye worne to peeces with age To ſhow himſelfe a young Gallant? What an vnwaied Behauiour hath this Flemiſh drunkard pickt (with The Deuills name) out of my conuerſation, that hee dares *In* this manner aſſay me? why, hee hath not beene thrice *In* my Company, what ſhould *I* ſay to him? *I* was then Frugall of my mirth: (heauen forgiue mee,) why ile Exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting downe of men, how ſhall I be reueng'd on him? for reueng'd I will be? as ſure as his guts are made of puddings.

Miſ. Ford. Miſtris Page, truſt me, I was going to your houſe.

Miſ.

Miſ. Page. And truſt me, I was going to you: you l very ill.

Miſ. Ford. Nay, ile nere beleeue that; I haue to ſhe the contrary.

Miſ. Page 'Faith but you doe in my minde.

Miſ. Fords Well: I doe then; yet I ſay, I could you to the contrary; O Miſtris *Page*, giue mee ſome c ſaile.

Miſ. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Miſ. Ford. O woman; if it were not for one trifling ſpect, I could come to ſuch honour.

Miſ Page. Hang the trifle (woman) take the hono what is it? diſpence with trifles; what is it?

Miſ. Ford If I would but goe to hell, for an eternall ment, or ſo; I could be knighted.

Miſ. Page. What thou lieſt? Sir *Alice Ford*? theſe Knig will hacke, and ſo thou ſhouldſt not alter the article of Gentry.

Miſ. Ford. Wee burne day-light; heere, read, re perceiue how I might be knighted, I ſhall thinke the wo of fat men, as long as I haue an eye to make difference mens liking; and yet hee would not ſweare: pr womens modeſty; and gaue ſuch orderly and welbe ued reproofe to all vncomelineſſe, that I would haue ſwo his diſpoſition would haue gone to the truth of words: but they doe no more adhere and keepe place gether, then the hundred Pſalmes to the tune of Gree ſleeues: What tempeſt (I troa) threw this Whale, (with many Tuns of oyle in his belly) a'ſhoare at Windſor? H ſhall I be reuenged on him? I thinke the beſt way we to entertaine him with hope, till the wicked fire of luſt ha melted him in his owne greaſe. Did you euer heare like?

Miſ. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name *Page* and *Ford* differs; to thy great comfort in this m ſtery of ill opinions, heer's the twyn-brother of thy L ter; but let thine inherit firſt, for I proteſt mine ne ſhall: I warrant hee hath a thouſand of theſe Letters, w